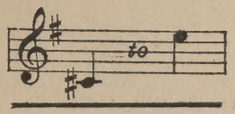
No. 1 IN G



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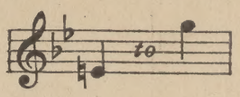

SUNG BY

JOHN McCORMACK

THE BAREFOOT TRAIL

Song

THE WORDS BY

MARIAN PHELPS

The Music by

ALVIN S. WIGGERS

PRICE 60 CENTS (NET)

BOOSEY & Co.

NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON (ENG.)

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EVERYTHING MUSICAL
MEDICINE HAT. ALBERTA

The Barefoot Trail.

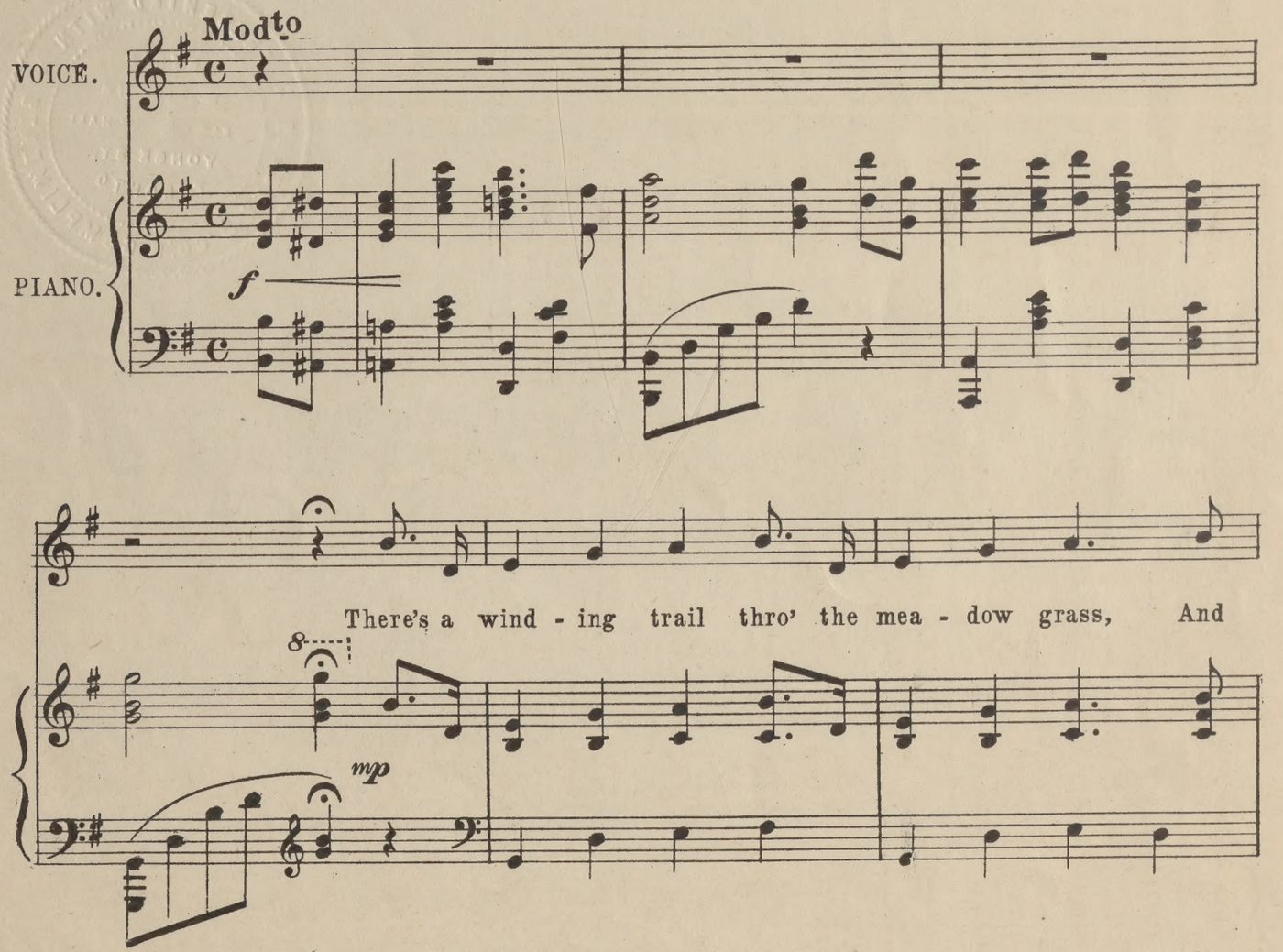
There's a winding trail thro' the meadow grass,
And over a sunny hill,
To the wild-wood ways where a lad and lass
Once roamed at their own sweet will.
A brown little lad with a freckled nose,
And a wee bonnie lass like a sweet wild rose.
Over the hill-top and thro' the dale,
Threading the winding barefoot trail.

'Tis a long, long way thro' the years, I know,
Back there to the barefoot days.
For your golden tresses have turn'd to snow,
And dim is an old man's gaze.
But, still, still you are like a sweet wild rose,
And a laddie am I with a freckled nose,
When o'er the hill-top and thro' the dale
Memory takes the barefoot trail.

Refrain: Oh, the barefoot trail goes winding
Thro' the years of memory.
The past and the present binding,
In a wonderful dream for me.
And I seem to be back in my child-hood days,
A lad with a freckled nose
Who is threading the barefoot wild-wood ways
With a lassie who's like a rose.

Words by
MARIAN PHELPS.

Music by
ALVIN S. WIGGERS.



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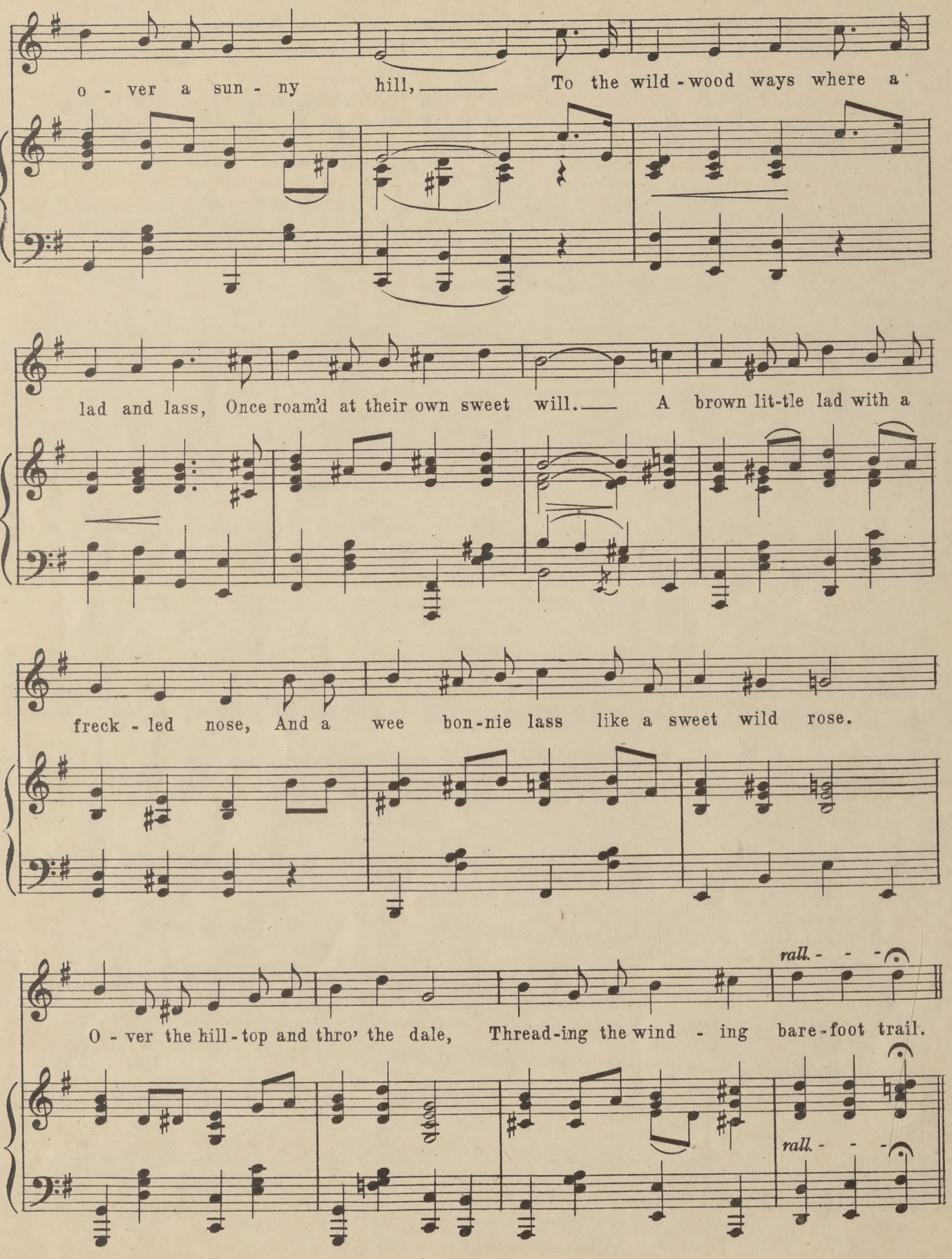
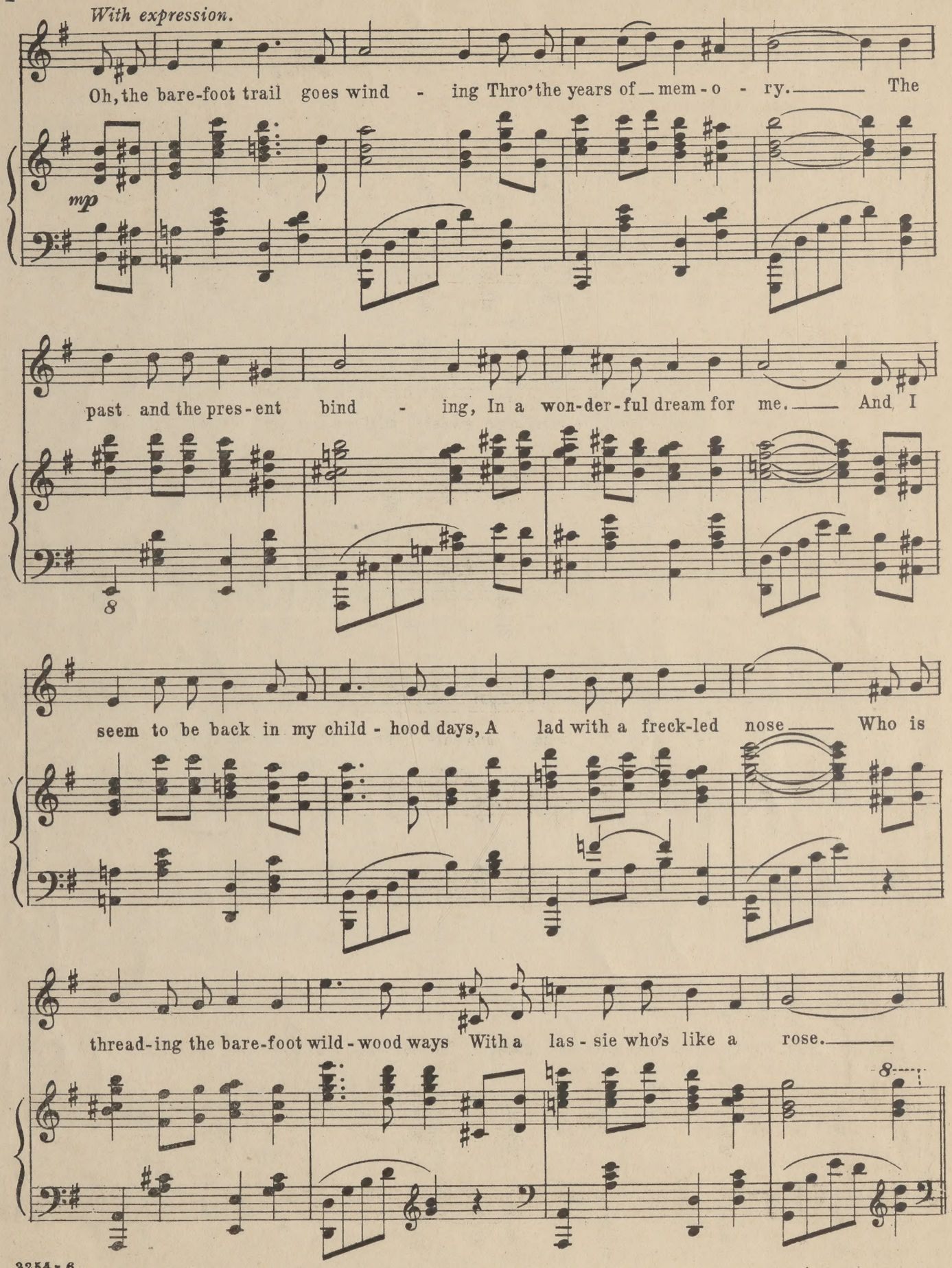
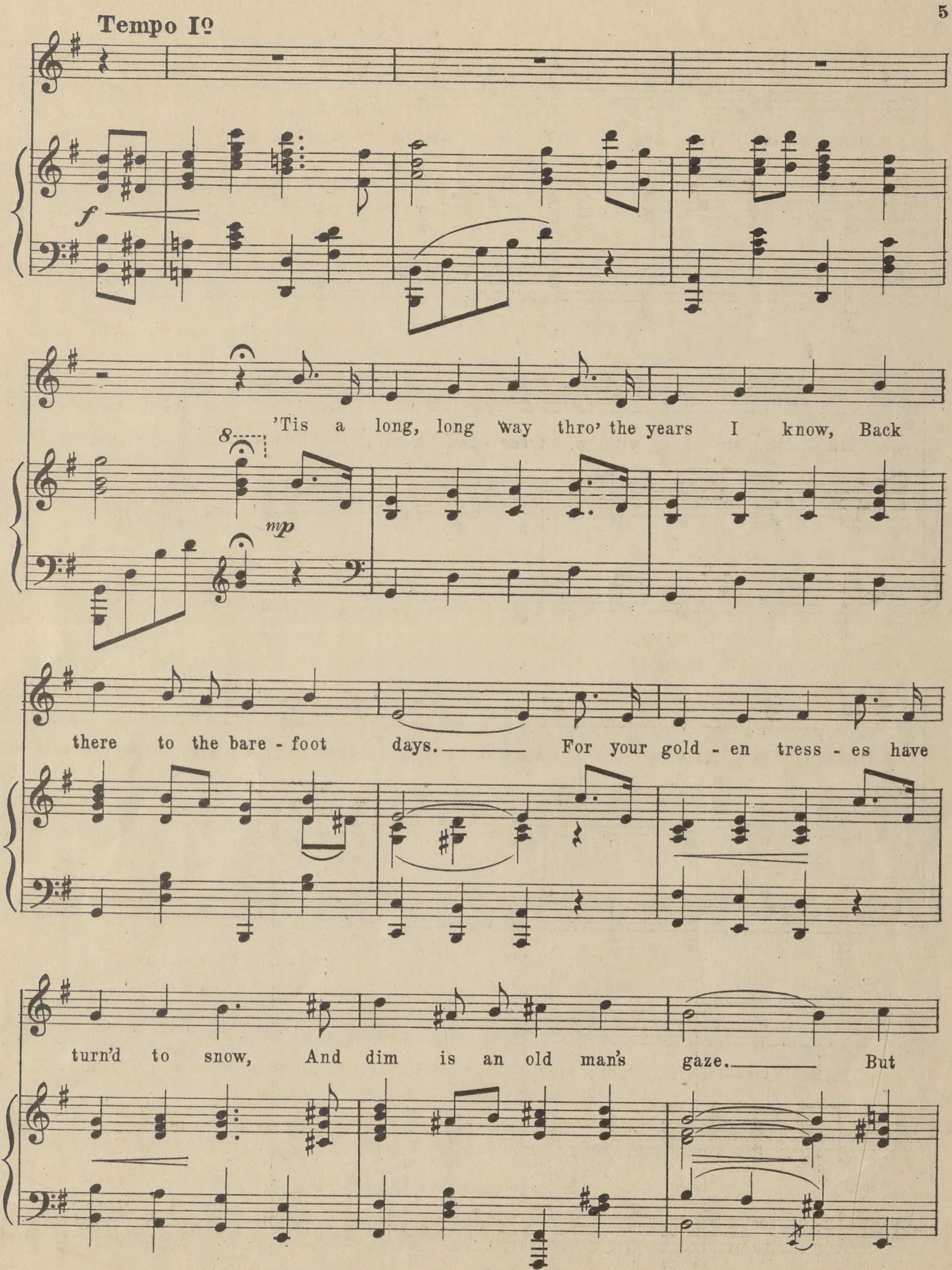
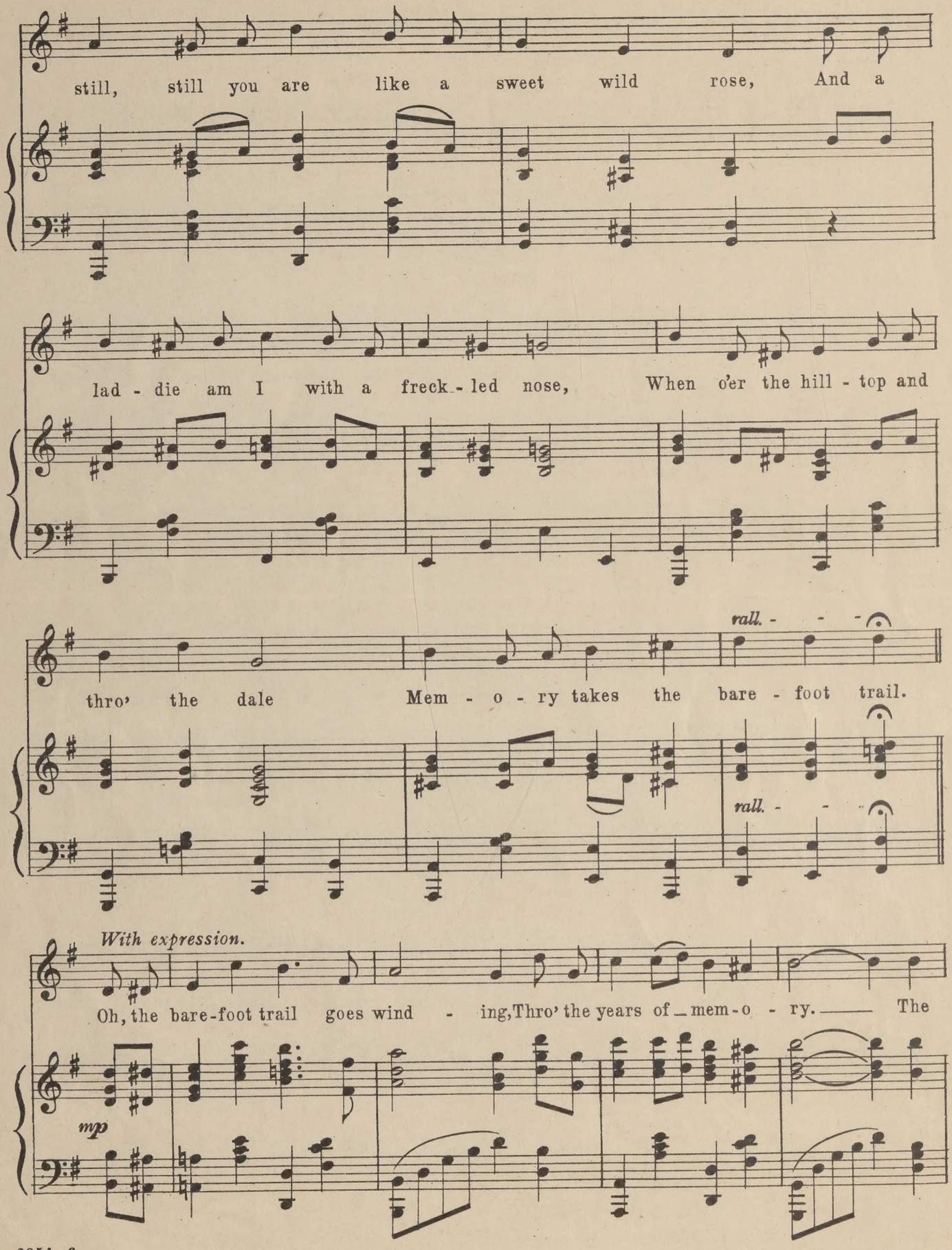
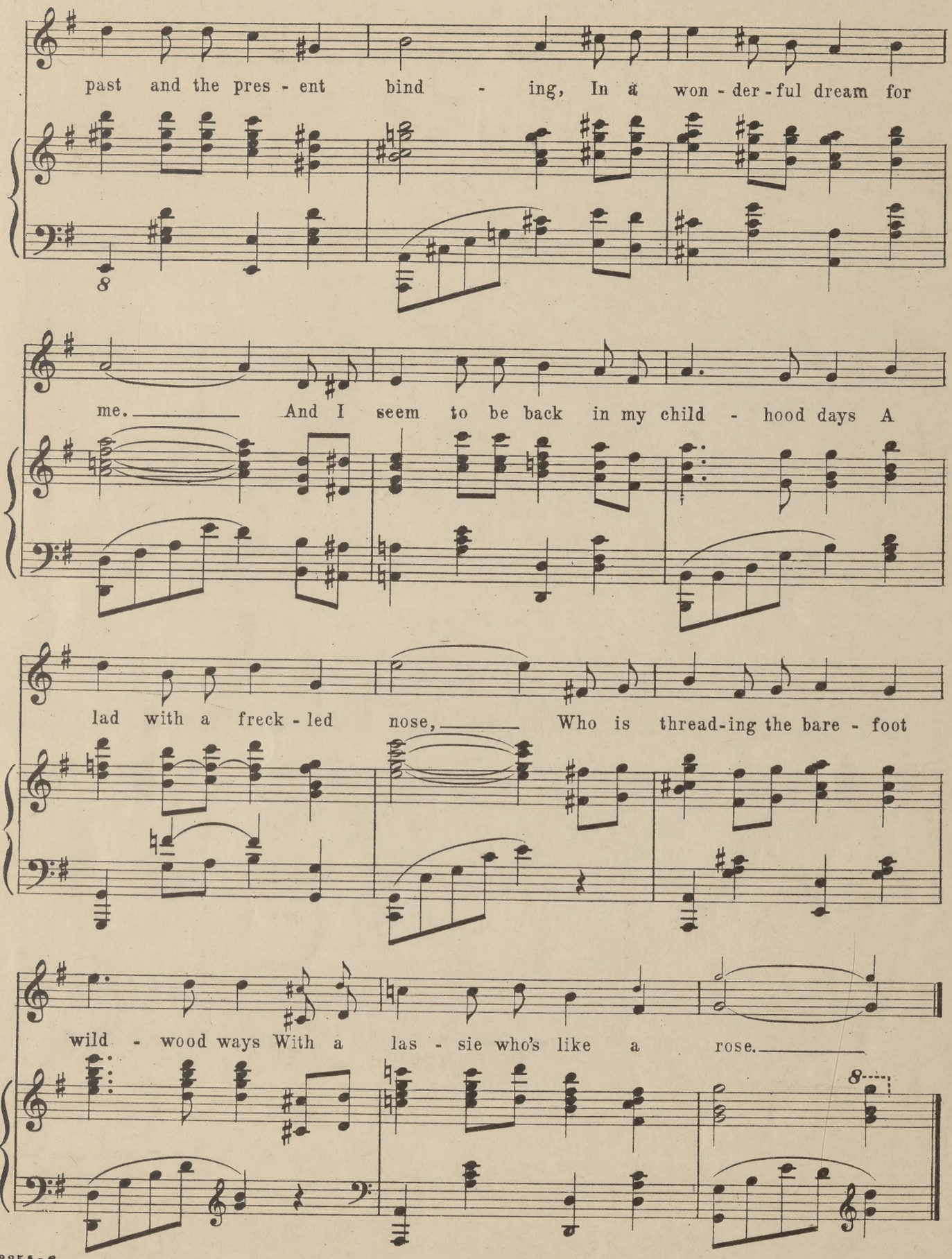

o - ver a sun - ny hill, To the wild - wood ways where a
lad and lass, Once roam'd at their own sweet will. A brown lit-tle lad with a
freck - led nose, And a wee bon-nie lass like a sweet wild rose.
rall. - - -
O - ver the hill - top and thro' the dale, Thread-ing the wind - ing bare-foot trail.
rall. - - -


With expression.
Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind - ing Thro' the years of mem - o - ry. The
mp
past and the pres - ent bind - ing, In a won-der-ful dream for me. And I
8
seem to be back in my child - hood days, A lad with a freck-led nose Who is
thread-ing the bare-foot wild - wood ways With a las - sie who's like a rose.
8


Tempo Iº
f
'Tis a long, long way thro' the years I know, Back
mp
there to the bare - foot days. For your gold - en tress - es have
turn'd to snow, And dim is an old man's gaze. But


still, still you are like a sweet wild rose, And a
lad - die am I with a freck - led nose, When o'er the hill - top and
thro' the dale Mem - o - ry takes the bare - foot trail.
rall. - - -
rall. - - -
With expression.
Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind - ing, Thro' the years of mem - o - ry. The
mp


past and the pres - ent bind - ing, In a won - der - ful dream for
me. And I seem to be back in my child - hood days A
lad with a freck - led nose, Who is thread-ing the bare - foot
wild - wood ways With a las - sie who's like a rose.

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in D
No. 2 in F
No. 3 in A♭
ONLY YOU
Sung by Mr. JOHN McCORMACK
Words by E. K. R.
Music by EDWIN SCHNEIDER
Andante Cantabile
All the years have held but you, love, Fond and true;- Since my heart first woke to love you- On - - ly you.-
Life is rap-ture- life is gladness Ev - - er new- Just to now the day will bring you- On - - ly you.-
f
mf

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No. 1 in B♭
No. 2 in D♭
No. 3 in E♭
MOTHER MY OWN
Sung by Mme GALLI-CURCI
Words by MIRIAM TEICHNER
Music by EDWARD RICHARDSON CALDWELL
Slowly and with feeling
The gold in her heart, The gold of her love, As radiant and pure As of angels' a-bove. The chum of my child-hood, She
joined in my play, And taught me the games That were laugh-filled and gay. Though some-times she sighed And was wea - ry, may be, She was
f allargando
f colla voce
slight ritard
a tempo
slight rit.
a tempo

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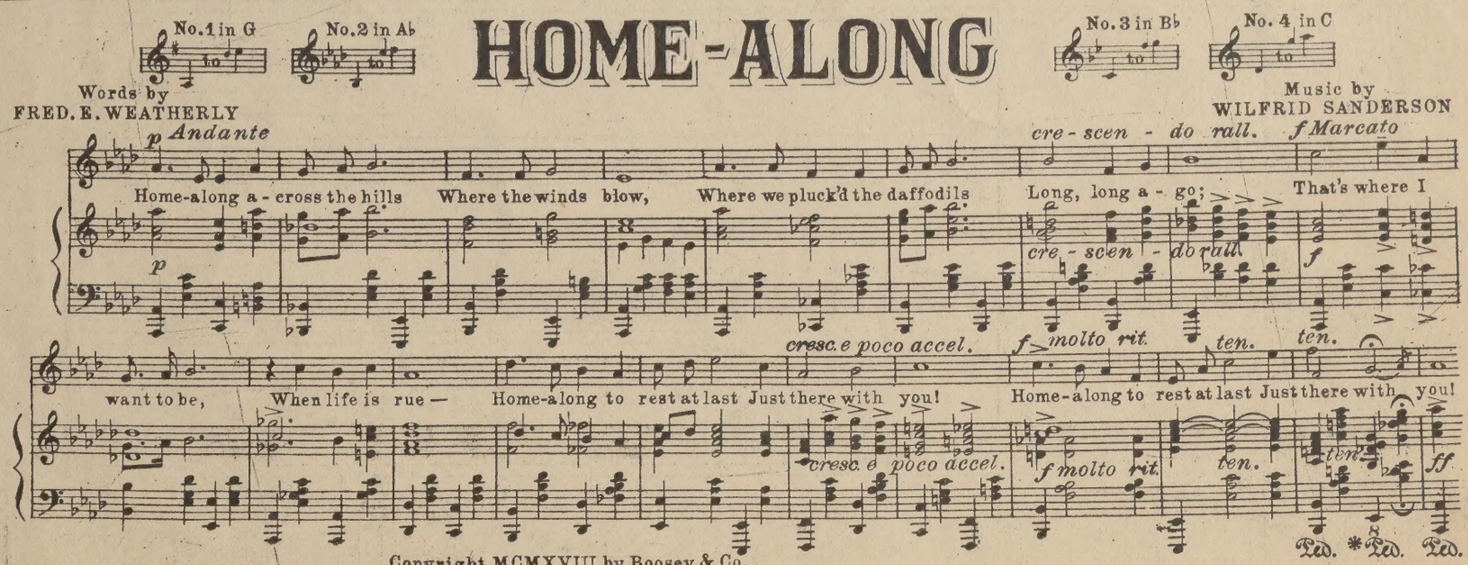
No. 1 in G
No. 2 in A♭
No. 3 in B♭
No. 4 in C
HOME-ALONG
Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY
Music by WILFRID SANDERSON
p Andante
Home-along a - cross the hills Where the winds blow, Where we pluck'd the daffodils Long, long a - go;
cre - scen - do rall.
f Marcato
That's where I
want to be, When life is rue- Home-along to rest at last Just there with you!
cresc. e poco accel.
f molto rit.
ten.
Ped. * Ped. Ped.

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